### Morwich Bulletir and Caufiet.

114 YEARS OLD.

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Norwich, Wednesday, March 30, 1910.

A TENDENCY DOWNWARD.

The season is approaching when some things must tage a drop. The tide is turning at about the usual time. It is true that in this age of aviation nothing soars like beef prices, not even the price of Easter hats; but how gently eggs have tumbled from 60 cents a dozen, clear down to 19 and 10 by the case; and salt is cheaper by two dollars per ton; but it would be more to the advantage of the public if sugar was going the same way. But these are days when the consumer can appreciate little advantages. As an edible, salt figures small. An estimator finds that the average person consumes, perhaps, haif an ounce of salt in a day. He will save a dollar by the present reduction in exactly 166 years and eight months, providing, of course, the lower price does not tempt him to over-indulgence. That's hearly twenty-five cents from the groter's bill every forty years. It isn't much of a reduction, to be sure, but it is getting out of the shadow. And coal has dropped 50 cents a ton in sarge orders. Then spinach and straw-berries and all the rest of the green things are moving toward the days of plenty and lower prices.

It will not be so very long before fanderions may be dug in the lots, but pork-pork must come out of the pork barrel at unprecedented prices, but as lubricant it is worth all it costs if It keeps us sliding toward good cheer. WHISTLE AND BELL NUISANCES

In complaining of the ringing of bells at seven o'clook in the morning, New York apparently does not appreciate the fact that in comparison with other cities the people of Manhattan island enjoy comparative quiet. In Provi-dence, for example, the uproar com-mences two hours earlier than in New York. At five a bell rings and the engineer of a mill blows a steam whistle which can be heard four or five miles under certain atmospheric conditions. Five minutes later another whistle disurbs those desiring to sleep, and at frequent intervals other whistles and a few jangling bells contribute to the At seven o'clock the last whistle is blown; and, when no one cares to sleep, the city is quiet, so far as steam whistles are concerned. All this noise, of course, is unnecessary. Mill workers have clocks and watches and are in no way dependent upon whisties and bells. The difference between New York and Providence people is that in New York needless noise is resented, while in Providence the den of stopping a nulsance has not securred to anyone,-Providence Jour-

These noises are not a nuisance to everybody. The man who simply becomes conscious that a bell or whistle means 5.30 a. m. or any other hour, rolls over and goes to sleep again; but the man who feels that it is a disturber of his peace and a nuisince, gets mad, indulges in profanity, and is completely broken of his rest without being aware that he is disturbing himself more than anything else can. There are people who rather like the informing bell or whistle, but they are not in the majority. The call from labor to refreshments and an old-fashioned call; it is always pleasant to the called, however other people may regard it.

### A SPIRIT OF FAIRNESS. President Mellen of the Consolidat-

ed road has again shown how a spirit of fairness will prevent industria-strife. The touchstone of his success appears to be that he considers all issues in a co-operative spirit, and reats the men as if they had every right in the game of life which he himself is entitled to. There are a few captains of industry in this country who believe that it pays to give a square deal to everybody, and they are not the men who are creating strife and a state of anarchy in the places where they dwell and do busi-

It has been well said by one of these men, that "if the activities of life were viewed as less of a game, cailing into play the cunning skill and adroit-ness of men; if they were regarded more as co-operative efforts; yes, if they were considered strictly from the viewpoint of the culightened selfishuces which recognizes that one man's welfare is dependent upon another's, it would soon be realized that results and profits are multiplied by promot-ing a spirit of good fellowship." The men who drive men as if they

were brutes, harass them in their daty pursuits as if they were dogs, and who themselves can display a senselessness and obstinacy that would become a mule, are the men who keep labor ill-natured, who promote socialism of the worst type, and real; ere-ate conditions which make both life and property insecure.

A Massachusetts minister has resigned to become a politician; and a Jersey City pulpiteer has abandoned his work because a hald head is too sensitive to the cool church aimo-

The protection of wild water-birds is proving of value. One observer saw 1,000 wild ducks on the Connecticut river at one time this spring-the biggest bunch in forty years.

Lieutenant Shackleton may find pleasure in looking for the South pole, once more; but Mrs. Shackleton doesn't fancy the hunt for something

The Atlanta Constitution is of the opinion that the democrats cannot afford to make any mistakes at this critical time. Do they know how to do anything clse?

The Connecticut people may not be writing many letters to Washington, but the leading republicans do not try to keep their opinions of Cannon-

Speaker Cannon must be feeling that spring coat of whitewash isn't so WASTE LAND.

The man who knows the real worth of land is always surprised have in New England by the blank backyards and unimproved acres as he rides through these states by rail or trol-

A man who was born in Oregon and has always lived there, is now making his first trip east to the home of his ancestors, and writes to the Spring-field Republican in sharp critic sm of the apple-raising industry of this state He had heard his father praise the apples raised in Massachusetts and the shock of his experience with them is reflected in his language. "Where are your orchards?" he asks. "I looked all along the car line for new orchards but saw only old, scraggly trees. If it is true that you used to raise good apples, why don't you do it again? Coming along on the Boston & Albany railroad I saw more vacant land than you would see in the whole of western

Oregon, from Portland to Medford." New England needs this kind of crit-icism. Agriculturally it has ceased to do things. It has in consequence of its manufactures and attractive cities lost its grip upon agricultural enter-prise. There is no reason why farms should be sold at grab-bag rates; or why fertile lands should be left to multiply noxious weeds when with a small outlay of capital and labor they could be made productive.

A MOTHER'S LETTER.

There are points in life when what appear to be just or wholesome laws become really a source of tyranny or persecution. Rend the following let-

come really a source of tyranny or persecution. Read the following letter from a Chicago mether, who deserves assistance rather than hindrance. She makes this complaint to a Chicago paper:

It appeared that the berders who kept a large family and do all my own work—sewing, washing and ironing. I kept one of the children home each week to help me wash, and in time the truant officer came to see me to find out what was the cause of the absence of the child. I told her I zeeded the child to help me on wash day and the officer told me in no politic way that hereafter if I wanted to keep one of the children at home I should go to the principal of the school and get permission for one-half day, but that I could not have their help for one full day under any consideration, as the children belonged to the state of Illinois. She added that she would have charges preferred against me if I should keep one of them home for a half-day without permission. If this would not cause race suicide I should like to know what would. If the children belong to the state why not let the state support and educate them as well as get them?"

The issue here is whether this strugling woman ought to be broken in the contral of the indicate them as well as get them?"

The issue here is whether this strugling woman ought to be broken in the contral of the interior of the island. There were secured and that afternoon the party, mounted on big Mexican saddles and armed with rifles, rode up the trail leading into the half orese and the island. They reached a high ridge, then pitched down into a light rose and the island. They reached a high ridge, then pitched down into a light rose and the island. They reached a high ridge, then pitched down into a light rose and the island. They reached a high ridge, then pitched down into a light rose and the island. The party of the island. They reached a high ridge, then pitched down into a light rose and the island. The wild like reach with the horses at the corral of the livitude ranch house. Three were s

The issue here is whether this struggling woman ought to be broken in spirit and become a dependent upon the town just to carry out the letter of such a law as this. If the state assumes to own the child-or to prevent it from doing work-it certainly should be compelled to contribute toward the support of the child during school age. This mother has filed a just protest against an interference which is in its effect injurious and to a degree

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

It has been decided that the Chaptecler hat cannot make an old hen look like a spring chicken.

Hatpins full of brilliants go for 60 cents, if times are hard, and straw-

his yeins, and some of his admirers from refreshments to labor again is claim that is why he is such a good

March winds have been so few that it seems as if she had neglected her sweeping. Perhaps she has a vacuum

A good many noble deeds have been done in the name of charity; and a good many noble men have been done in her name, too.

Happy thought for today: The mau who thinks any old time will do to pay a bill is the greatest kicker when his payday is skipped.

When Roosevelt called for fried bacon and eggs on his return to civilization he knew that dik-dik steak had

Governor Brown of Georgia wants to

fastest time when he was alone and had the weakest outfit? Fannie Farmer's cook book has been popular so long, it should not disap-point Secretary Wilson if his cook

cnow how it was that Peary made his

book doesn't take at once. This was Mr. Moore's contribution to Easter: "Showers and much cold-But Horace Johnson doesn't

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

kick for he's laid up with rheuma

An Appeal to the Clubs. Mr. Editor:—The publication in the Hartford Courant of a list of clubs that pay an internal revenue tax as retail liquor dealers suggests a very important subject for public discus-sion. Have you room for a brief ap-peal to the members of these clubs? peal to the members of these clubs?

With all the possibilities growing out of the custom of social drinking is it wise to continue this form of entertainment? Young men who would not patronise a common bar, at first, form the drink habit at the club. While this may not be true of all the members it is true of some.

A wife has recently complained to us that her husband spends his Sundays at one of these clubs, using the money that is needed in the home and coming to her at the close of the day

coming to her at the close of the day in an intoxicated condition. Gentlemen, for the sake of the weak-

er man cut it out.

W. S. MACINTIRE.

W. S. MACINTIRE. 625 Connecticut Mutual Bldg., Hart-ford, Conn., March 28, '10.

Brazilian coffee shows an import price little more than half that of coffee from the Dutch East Indies (Java and Sumatra), but Guatemala coffee comes almost as high as the latter. Before 1861, however, there was little difference in price between coffee from Brazil and from the Dutch East Indies; in fact, for four out of ten years the price of Brazilian coffee was higher.

Brazilian coffee shows an import burn, sick headache and Dizzines, and you cat will do you good.

Absolute relief from all Stomach Misery is waiting for you as soon as you decide to take a little Diapepsin. Tell your druggist that you want to become thoroughly cured this time, ach in five minutes.

There is nothing else better to take

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY ...

## THE BOAR HUNT

There are many diversions ashore wheeled and dashed off, the boar after for anglers up among the Santa Barbara islands. Among them is wild boar bunting on both Santa Rosa and Santa

Santa Cruz is a mountain range out at sea filled with deep and radiating canons. The island was visited by Cabrillo in the sixteenth century, by Viacaino a century later, and the Russians hunted the sea otter there in the seventeenth century; but who placed the progenitors of the wild boars on the island, how they came there is not known. That they are well established and have developed peculiar traits is certain.

is certain.

A party of hunters in search of otter and Indian relics landed there not long ago and made camp on the beach. The guide, one Manuel Sarto, in turning the cakes one evening stopped to lister.

"What do you hear?" asked a mem-ber of the party.
"Ough," whispered the man. "Wild

"Ough," whispered the man. "Wild boars!"

"Wild boars?" exclaimed the other. "Why didn't you say so before? We'll hunt 'em. Finest sport in the world!"

"Sport?" rejoined the Mexican. "Is climbing trees sport? That's what I do when I meet a wild boar."

"The sport of kings," replied the hunter, who was an Englishman. "I haven't seen a pigsticking since I was in India. We will try it, Manuel, not you, but we, eh?"

"Si, senor," answered the Mexican, "not I, but you. But I go if we get horses."

thing big, hairy, bristing dashed past them.

"What's that?" cried the Englishman, coming down into his saddle again from somewhere.

"I thought you had stuck pigs in India?" answered Manuel, endeavoring to hold his bronco.

"So I have, but—"

"So I have, but-"Caramba! Lo

"So I have, but—"

"Caramba! Look out!" shouted Manuel, as ouf! ouf! sounded from the brush. "He come again! He hamstring your horse!"

It was too late. That cannonbail of bristles came bowling over the back track with a wish! whoof! ouf! and the bronco went into the air in lateral leaps with which the ordinary tender-foot is unfamiliar. To their credit be it said, the two hunters were not dismounted. One horse went dashing up the side of the canon while the two others ran into the open, where they were checked quivering, one of the animals holding up a hoof in pain.

"That was sudden, like the toothache," remarked the East Indian pigsticker.

Out! out! came hissing out of the brush. The broncos trembled and whirled and the hunter on the canon side vainly endeavored to hold his bronco facing the canon so that he could bring his rifle into play. The animal was crazed with fear and sprang wildly up the side, a bunch of black hair following for several feet. Then the rider let the horse go and turning fired into the brush. The pig was seen crawling down.

"Our turn next!" cried Manuel, who had tightened his cinch and found that the pig had not touched his horse, but it had run into a cactus bunch.

Presently the hunter up on the canon side got his frightened horse down.

"If my horse had stumbled I believe that pig would have ripped him up." he said. "Did you see him? Bristles on his back half a foot high, tusks four inches long."

Manuel had dismounted and was

cinching up the saddles and picking cactus spines out of his horse's legs. After he had finished and listened to tion he knew that dik-dik steak had not fully satisfied him.

A Jersey husband who committed a theft, told the judge he stole because he could not bear to have his wife go without an Easter hat.

After he had finished and listened to the views of the hunters he said:

"It's no use three hunting at the same time; somebody's bound to get shot or thrown. That pinto horse, he's going to buck the minute he gets his toys on the pig, and it's the biggest boar I have seen on the island, old and ugly. I don't want to feel his tusk."

"Well, what do you suggest?" asked the East Indian pigsticker. "If I had a good lance I would not mind riding him down, but this—well, this is dif-

him down, but this—well, this is different."

"I say take him one at a time," replied Manuel, "and the rest hold off."

"That suits."

The words were not out of the speaker's mouth before a rustle was heard in the brush to the right and with a tremendous ouf! the boar, which evidently had been sneaking upon them under cover, came at the trio like a cannonball. It covered the twenty feet between them and the chaparral seemingly in a bound and was among them before they realized it striking to the right and left. Manuel, being dismounted, stood not on the order of going, but ran and scrambled up the slope of the canon, while his bronco reared to avoid the animal, then ran away. The two other horses, despite the efforts of the owners,

them.

The hunter who had stuck pigs in India railied first, turned his bronco and forced it at the boar, which had stopped and stood, head up, a picture of devilishness.

As the bronco moved up, broadside on, utterly unable to look at the strange beast in the face, the hunter lifted his rifle and attempted to aim and hold the bronco in place at the same time. At the slightest letup the horse would turn, frantic with fear. Then the hunter elevated his rifle with one hand and let it drop, revolver fashion, intending to fire as it covered the game.

one hand and let it drop, revolver fushion, intending to fire as it covered the game.

Down it came, and just about as the hunter was about to pull the trigger woul! came the escaping steamlike nole from the red, dripping mouth. The rifle went off, the boar charged and the bronco jumped ten feet, it seemed to the two men looking on, and came down stiff legged in an awful buck, sending the rider into the air. They saw the boar charge, and spurring their broncos they rushed down the slope to interfere. Manuel leaped to the ground with his rifle ready to fire and literally jerked the dismounted sportsman from the boar, which, however, was dead. It had died before it had an opportunity to use its tusks. The boar was a type of the savage bush pig, tall, long and slender, muscular, with heavy crest, powerful head and tusks long and sharp.

"I don't know whether the builet killed the brute or I crushed him to death," said the hunter, "but it was a close call for me. I have seen a wild boar in India run fifty yards with a hole in his heart."

Suddenly came the wouf! as startling as the rattle of a snake, and again out of the brush charged the boar, with crest standing and ugly muzzle elevated. The horses broke and reared, frantic at the sight, but the riders managed to hold them. Then for some reason unexplained, except for the intensity of Manuel's yell, the boar kept on and the hunters gave chase. It was a fine exhibition of speed to see this big, heavy pig run. The horses going at full speed were not able to reach it.

"We have no use for this fellow," cried one of the pursuers. "Try your

at full speed were not able to reach it.

"We have no use for this fellow," cried one of the pursuers. "Try your rope on him, Manuel."

So Manuel, delighted at the opportunity, pulled ahead, unswung his hariat and soon had it whirling about his head in a thoroughly graceful manner. At the psychological moment he let go and in a way miraculous to the layman caught the flying boar by the hind foot. The bronco settled back, throwing the animal cleverly.

The boar filled the air with cries and maddened squeals, then quickly charged back along the line. Manuel was equal to the occasion. The canon was rarrow, there was no field for play, and he had no companion to rope the boar from the opposite side and hold it, as he had often done with boars in the old days, so he did the next best thing—twisted the rope around a tree and thus held the boar. It presented a savage spectacle. Its jaws were dripping with foam, its small, black, beadlike eyes gleaming with rage and fear.

"Cleverly done!" cried the English—

"Cleverly done!" cried the English

Manuel as eleverly released the boar and with all the fight taken out of it the boar trotted off into the brush without even looking behind.—New York Sun.

No fewer than 60,047 articles found in public carriages were last year taken to Scotland Yard, London.

The man who finds a quarter in his last year's summer suit is justified in thinking his luck has turned.

If the apple as a drunk-cure redeems as many drunkards as apple juice has made, it will make a proud record.

This is fine autoing and canoang weather, and the casualties show that many people are taking advantage of it.

Speaker Cannon has Quaker blood in his yeins and canoa has quaker blood in his head and the hunter on the canoa has quaker blood in his yeins and canoa has quaker blood in his yeins and canoa has quaker blood in his proposition for the brush, and when anything comes along he jest drop his head and charge. Tusks like a shark. There he come!"

Out! out! came hissing out of the brush, and when anything comes along he jest drop his head and charge. Tusks like a shark. There he come!"

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Out! out! came hissing out of the brush, and when anything comes along he jest drop his head and charge. Tusks like a shark. There he come!"

Out! out! came hissing out of the brush, and when a pint of hot water. At night go over the whole carefully with a flansel dipped in glue Where oilcloth is locing its shiny surface, wash as above, then dissolve a little ordinary glue in a pint of hot water. At night go over the whole carefully with a flannel dipped in glue water. Choose a dry day and by morning the glue will be hard; it will give a fine gloss and make the oil-cloth wear much longer.

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ent, and forever rid yourself of Stomach trouble and Indigestion? A dieted stomach gets the blues and grumbles. stomach gets the blues and grumbles. Give it a good eat, then take Pape's Diapepsin to start the digestive juices working. There will be no dyspepsia or belching of Gas or eructations of undigested food; no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach or heartburn, sick headache and Dizziness, and your food will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors.

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tomach gets the blues and grumbles, 
live it a good eat, then take Pape's 
liapepsin to start the digestive juices 
Gas from Stomach and cleanse the 
stomach and intestines, and, besides, 
one single dose will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood 
all your food the same as a sound, 
healthy stomach would do it.

When Diapepsin works, your stomach rests—gets itself in order, cleans up—and then you feel like eating when you come to the table, and what you eat will do you good.

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